"They say she's mad as a hatter and she just laughs and laughs because when have they ever met the Hatter?" The mad ramblings of an unhinged Alice.

They say she’s mad a hatter and she just laughs and laughs because when have they ever met the Hatter? Alice goes to see him and the March Hare and the Dormouse every Tuesday at teatime, but of course it doesn’t matter when she leaves or how long it takes to get there because it’s always teatime at the March Hare’s house. And so she’s always late and she’s always early at the same time and isn’t that funny? It’s one of the impossible things that she believes before breakfast and after breakfast too, if she has the time. Alice can manage to believe five different impossible things every day before breakfast now, and with a little more practice she thinks she’ll get up to six or seven. But, even then, she’s still nowhere near as mad as the Hatter. She likes to think she’s madder than a box of frogs, but she doesn’t know why the frogs would be so mad. All the boxes she’s ever met were perfectly nice, there’s no reason for the frogs to be angry. Maybe someone shook them. Alice doesn’t think the Queen would have done it, she’d much rather cut off their heads. The Cheshire Cat might, but then he doesn’t have hands. Just sharp, smiling teeth and the box would have to be very small for him to fit it in his mouth. Perhaps he ate some mushroom or a little bit of cake first. Then he’d be quite large and might be persuaded to let her ride on his back. It would be a bit more fun than riding a horse, but not as fun as riding on a bird, since Alice never had the chance to fly before. Of course if she wanted to fly, it would be better to get the caterpillar to teach her how to make a chrysalis, and then she could grow wings of her own. Alice wonders if that would make her a Mock Butterfly, which would be ever so much better than being a Mock Turtle of course. Mock Turtles always acted as if they had some great sorrow, but Alice rather thinks being a Mock Butterfly would be cheerful. And if she was a Mock Butterfly then no one would expect her to do any work or make any sense because that’s not the kind of things one does when one is a butterfly.

They say she’s mad as a hatter, but then we’re all mad here.
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